Favourite Colour

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/27065578.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Enemies to Lovers, Fix-It, Episode: s02e10 Naka-Choko, Romance, Smut
Language:	English
Series:	Part 5 of What If
Stats:	Published: 2020-10-17 Words: 5,501 Chapters: 1/1

Favourite Colour

by EarthsickWithoutYou

Summary

After the "long pig" dinner scene at the end of "Naka-Choko," Will thinks he can indulge in a little healthy hate sex with Hannibal, only to find it's harder than expected to leave his heart out of it.

“When I’m close to you, we blend into your favourite colour
I’m bright baby blue, falling into you, falling for each other”
-Carly Rae Jepsen

***

They both knew it was going to happen; it was much more a question of when than of why or how. The whole evening had been riveting to a breaking point; cooking together, intentionally lingering in each other’s personal space; sultry stares across the dinner table. Hannibal’s shy smiles and the deep, dark lust in his eyes that made Will’s heartbeat skitter, made him want to be swallowed whole. Guilty pleasure, or the suggestion of it, had never been so lusciously sweet.

Weren’t they supposed to hate each other? Will had spent the whole evening trying to keep his mind on the plan he had carefully put together with Jack’s reluctant approval and Freddie Lounds’ frightened, then exasperated and opportunistic okay. He had endangered his own reputation and Jack’s, operated outside of FBI procedural mandates, gone to the deep end of the pool in his own mind, the terrifying places he never dove into. Now he had to play on his own worst nature to keep the game going, convince Hannibal he was a blossoming murderous protege, not an enemy on the hunt, determined to bring the respected and elegant therapist down, expose him for who he was, a despicable, gruesome serial killer. His Ripper...no, wait. The Chesapeake Ripper. Hannibal didn’t belong to him; Will didn’t admire him.

I don’t admire him. He doesn’t belong to me. The chemistry between us is a temporary flare, a side effect of resentment mingling with natural physical attraction, damn inconvenient, but I can overcome it. I hate him. I came here to destroy him.

How upsetting, then, that for all the world it felt to Will as if he came to Hannibal’s house with a bag filled with meat, herbs and vegetables, for a dinner date. That Hannibal had blushed so handsomely and made softly curious conversation with him for several hours now, and Will’s body responded traitorously, keen and wound up and longing for the kind of devastatingly hot sex he knew damn well he would get with Hannibal. There were many things in life Will doubted, none more than himself, but he had always known from the way Hannibal looked at him that it would be good. Much more than good. Bad, in every perfect way.

It was odd but perhaps suitable that they hadn’t exchanged a single word since dinner. In fact, as Will trailed Hannibal into the study, he thought to himself with a twist of humor that the last thing he had said was “It’s long pig.” And just like with Will’s joke about the meat being bitter regarding its own death, Hannibal had smiled, brimming over with happy amusement, then breaking off eye contact, looking almost sweetly overwhelmed by Will’s mere presence.

People usually didn’t smile at Will’s jokes -- they found them creepy, found *Will* an unpleasant necessity, the clever weirdo lingering in the back of the room, an unseemly shadow. But then again, other people didn’t admire him as Hannibal did -- and what he was slowly coming to realize on this increasingly outrageous, magically twisted night, was that he

didn't want them to. He only wanted this inundation of attention and obsession if it came from the same man who had lied to him under the auspices of friendship and therapy, toyed with his sanity until it snapped and then tossed him in jail for his own crimes. If Will was falling into a profound infatuation with his enemy, it only proved his fears about his own unstable, terrible inner self to be true. To want Hannibal like this had to be a matter of deep recognition, to see and understand and accept, reciprocally and addictively, to be on a path towards loving himself which he had been avoiding since his first murderous fantasies years ago had made him insistently despise his secret longings. He had to stop this, and *yet*.

It hurt his heart to accept love's blade sinking deeper by the moment, as they sat contentedly in chairs facing each other by the fire and he admired the play of flickering flames across his nemesis' chiseled features. The blade was love, and it would bleed him dry, but he had never felt this kind of deadly affection before, and somehow he couldn't seem to hold himself back. Still, he told himself he could have both, the feelings and the revenge; he could take what he wanted from Hannibal easily before tricking him into a lifelong tenure at the same institution where Hannibal had allowed him placed. Hannibal would let him indulge this dark fantasy; Will knew he had him wrapped around his finger, and the killer could deny him nothing now.

It's still just a game, he assured himself as he sipped his velvety red wine, then set the glass down on a side table and let his deep blue gaze meld into Hannibal's cinnamon-gold one like drowning in desire. His heart picked up speed; *He played you, now you're playing him, and if you get a little pleasure out of the equation, it's well-deserved.*

Will stood, crossed the room, and sank easily into Hannibal's lap as the older man's hands came up to frame his waist. Hannibal was unsurprised, intuiting silently that the moment had arrived for them to surrender to the need which had been tugging them closer all evening like a sweet drug that would fill them with ecstasy, then leave them decimated in its absence.

Hannibal regarded Will with the purest awe, gazed up at him as a worshipper to a deity too beautiful to touch, too irresistible to hold back from. Will leaned down and barely brushed his lips to Hannibal's, letting his breath pool hotly over the killer's mouth as he nuzzled in, almost kissing all the way before drawing back again, teasing.

It's just a game.

Hannibal stopped him with a tender but wordlessly chiding expression, then clasped Will's face and kissed him soundly. His lips were soft, sweet with red wine and the orange-chocolate of the dessert he had made them to follow the main course of Randall Tier, their first time eating human meat together with a full acceptance on Will's part of the fact. The kiss sealed the ritual, stirring something like fire in Will's soul. Hannibal kept one hand on Will's face as the other trailed his back to cup his ass in a rhythmic, massaging grope. The hungry shamelessness of it made the forbidden arousal course wildly through Will, and when Hannibal licked across the seam of his lips, he opened to him on a ragged, soft moan, which was the last thing he wanted to do. He didn't sound like a devilishly seductive, vengeful nemesis, but a craving, adoring lover, and he couldn't seem to stop now; it would be like stopping his heart or the flow of breath in his lungs.

The feeling was mutual. Hannibal kissed him with slow, wet, savoring attentiveness, gliding their tongues together, then nibbling languidly at Will's lower lip. Will moaned again and

rocked his hips against the killer, who gasped when their clothed erections brushed together. He paused and stared at Hannibal in amazement, pressed a hand to Hannibal's heart over that gorgeous dark purple shirt, and he felt Hannibal's heartbeat slamming his palm, saw how the older man ached for him, pulsating in his overpowering gaze, straining his trousers with the strength of his need.

He should be thinking about the horrible lies and manipulation, the loved ones he had lost to Hannibal, the lack of remorse, but all he could see was an all-consuming romance knocking him senseless with need. It had to do the same to Hannibal, since he was risking himself by getting even closer to a man who had good reason to work a brutal scheme of vengeance.

Somewhere underneath all the foolish games between them was this, the honesty of this mutual yearning for togetherness that had always been at the root of their friendship. It still shone, untarnished, as if Hannibal wanted him even more now than ever.

"You were so beautiful when you came to me after Randall," Hannibal murmured as they went on kissing and grinding, erotic tension building in Will's groin so that he cried out and clung tighter, kissed harder. "And when you came to me tonight, after Freddie Lounds. I'm so lucky to be the one to see you in the aftermath of your becoming. You're stunning and powerful. I can't take my eyes off you."

So sincere; his voice quavered a bit over the words, and Will felt a wild tenderness raking through him like claws. He slid down to his knees on the floor and undid Hannibal's trousers, his heart pummeling his ribcage as he wondered just exactly what the hell he was doing and when he'd gone insane. He was making himself, voluntarily and with total happiness, submissive to Hannibal's needs, and more than anything in this moment he wanted to feel the older man's cock heavy in his mouth, pushing deep, making his vision short out until he forgot all guilt and fear.

"*Will*," Hannibal grunted, lifting his hips and allowing Will to divest him of pants and underwear, and Will did so with long, slow attention, keeping his innocently naughty eyes pinned to Hannibal's lusty gaze.

I bet he never looks at Alana like that. This was the first time he realized he had been jealous, which he must have been for weeks, since hearing they were dating. He was so fucking *jealous*, it was eating him alive and he wanted to show Hannibal he was so much better than she could ever be. Will stared at Hannibal's gorgeous, thick cock as it sprang free, uncut and standing to attention, dribbling with precum, and then he leaned in and took it into his mouth with a lavishing, delighted suck.

Hannibal let out a husky moan, threw his head back and got a hand deep into Will's hair, immediately pumping into the tight heat of his mouth, keeping Will where he wanted him with a rough grip on his soft curls. Will grew wilder at the dominating behavior and the harsh shove of Hannibal deep over his tongue, touching the back of his throat. He breathed through his nose, let out an ecstatic, honored choking sound, and allowed the saliva to drip from his mouth without feeling self-conscious in the least. This was exhilarating and surreal, everything he had forbidden himself to dream of. Hannibal lost all composure and, clearly, his recollection of any other word but Will's name; his hips jerked off the chair as he stood and fucked Will's mouth harder, spilling all of a sudden down the younger man's throat while

Will happily swallowed, increasing the height of his pleasure. Hannibal panted and gasped, totally undone with his untucked, rumpled shirt, reddened face and trembling hand going slack in Will's hair.

Will made sure he was watching, then slowly licked his swollen, dripping lips. Hannibal shivered with residual waves of pleasure and emotion, and Will knew exactly what they both needed now.

***

Hannibal led the way to his bedroom, then turned to look at Will with smiling disbelief. He was, especially for him, a mess: hair disheveled and hanging over his brow, eyes glazed with a moisture Will refused to let himself think about, naked from the waist down with his only attire the deep purple shirt, wrenched open and now missing several buttons. They'd left his waistcoat atop the rumpled heap of the rest of his clothing on the floor of the study. Belatedly, Will realized he was still fully dressed in his tweed suit and black shirt, neat clothing selected to bait the trap, but he had to question now who had actually been captured.

When Hannibal's mouth was on his again, every other thought evaporated. The killer kissed him roughly, effortlessly unravelling Will from his clothing, button by button by zipper and sleeve until Will was standing nearly naked, teased and groped and kissed until his sanity seemed a fragile but ultimately useless accessory. Hannibal gazed as Will stood there in his underwear, blushing, for fuck's sake, why -- and thank God he didn't make this any worse by verbally extolling of Will's beauty.

On the other hand, he didn't have to. His eyes consumed Will, his gently devilish smile almost defeated Will's stubborn resentment. As Hannibal coasted big, strong hands up and down the curves and planes of Will's body, squeezing and caressing, dropping kisses into his neck and across his shoulders, growling and biting his neck so that Will let out a hectic moan, awkwardly touching any part of him in reach, the killer's reckless, increasingly desperate exploration of his body spoke of heated, unbearable admiration.

"Will," Hannibal breathed, smoothing his hands over Will's back, leaving tingles everywhere his fingers stroked across naked skin.

He touched the scar on Will's shoulder, swept his fingers across Will's collarbone and stared into his eyes, entranced. Then he lost control, and before Will knew it, he was groaning helplessly, loudly, as Hannibal sucked a claiming bruise onto his neck while squeezing and spanking his ass, gripping the soft curves so possessively, as if touching Will had been the only thing on his mind since the day they met, or at least the only thought that mattered.

"Will," he repeated, sinking to his knees, sliding Will's boxer briefs down so that Will's cock bobbed free, so hard he ached for touch, to be tasted. Hannibal cupped his balls, massaged them with exquisite skill that had Will sucking his lower lip into his mouth to unsuccessfully try to stifle new moans.

"Oh, God," Will sighed when Hannibal began lapping at his erection, softly swirling his tongue around the tip, humming in delight at the taste of his precum, deeply enveloping Will in perfect tight heat.

His sumptuous lips curved rapturously around Will's weeping shaft, his eyes seeking Will's with devoted pleasure, his cheeks sucking tight, letting him in deeper and deeper until Will stole his breath and Hannibal stayed obediently in place, caressing Will's ass, making him feel everything -- erotic thrills that sent electricity down his spine, and a warm sense of belonging in his heart, tangling strangely with the constant sense of danger, trusting a cannibalistic murderer with the most intimate, vulnerable parts of himself, the deepest carnal needs.

"Stop," Will blurted after his gasps built and built, breaking on a near-sob of a moan. He gripped Hannibal's shoulders, wrenched him to his feet by what was left of his shirt. When they were face to face again, he tore the shirt off and threw it to the floor, then pushed Hannibal to the bed. "Lie down for me."

Hannibal did as he was told, trembling as much as Will was, and Will had never imagined him like this before, reaching for him with a smile and brown eyes shimmering in gold, swimming in emotion, naked, hard again and completely gorgeous. His *body*, the sight of it fully bared, made Will's head spin; he was elegant but manly and rough, muscular yet unexpectedly cute with a small belly that Will immediately wanted to bite.

No, he had never thought about seeing Hannibal like this, naked, longing for him, sentimentally defeated, and now he didn't know how he was ever going to think of anything *else.*

"My Will," Hannibal smiled into their kiss when Will slipped between his open thighs and claimed his mouth with bruising insistence.

"God," Will said hoarsely, sucking on Hannibal's fingers when they traced, then plunged into his mouth. "Mmm," he added, slightly mortified again by his easy surrender to this feeling, at the moment to having hands which had torn open human flesh and strangled innocents and plunged countless knives into still-beating hearts to show him love and lust and understanding, turning him inside out, making his heart squeeze with dark, essential joy he'd fought so hard to resist.

He suckled the long, powerful fingers and touched Hannibal's body with fierce craving, feeling the hard muscles tensing as goosebumps were left in the wake of every stroking finger, every press of Will's needy palms cupping and squeezing biceps and testing how it felt to grip Hannibal's hip with painful intensity, how Hannibal's strong, supple ass would feel under his lightly calloused hand, exquisite and tempting.

Hannibal used the wetted fingertips to twist at Will's nipples, sending sharp pulses of arousal through his being until Will gasped and began grinding into him, Hannibal meeting his every thrusting motion with eager reciprocation, their cocks sliding wetly together although they'd yet to add lube to the equation. They were both so fucking turned on, they barely needed it.

Still, he bit back a smile and opened the bedside table drawer, finding a bottle of lube as expected. He squeezed it all over his fingers, meeting Hannibal's eyes again with heady arousal, stroking around Hannibal's entrance as the killer held his legs back in eager anticipation. There was something about that, Will realized. He hadn't intended to eat him out, and Hannibal knew it. This was supposed to be a one night stand based on mutual desire

momentarily outweighing mutual enmity, and he wasn't supposed to be lavish with the foreplay, or in extending Hannibal's enjoyment of it. And Hannibal didn't mind; he lay there holding himself open for the taking, bright eyes scanning Will's face as if he simply longed to know what the younger man was thinking of, but he wasn't going to risk shattering the moment by asking.

Hannibal didn't expect Will to rim him, but it would completely rock his world if Will did, and suddenly that was all Will wanted. Maybe they were enemies, but they had this one night to belong to each other, and indulging Hannibal would make him happy, too, Will realized. So crazily, unaccountably *happy.*

He leaned in closer, tracing Hannibal's hole again with wet, teasing fingers before sinking one inside. Hannibal moaned and nearly lost his grip on his legs, and Will smiled, surprising his lover by adding to the slow forward motion of his finger driving deeper inside velvety heat, with the soft touch of his tongue, circling Hannibal's tight, pretty entrance.

"Will," Hannibal cried out, losing himself as Will finger-fucked him and licked at him like a favorite dessert, absolutely the last thing Hannibal could have expected him to do, such a gesture of shocking intimacy, it turned Will on even more so that his cock was as stiff as Hannibal's, hanging so heavy between his legs that he had to pause his attentions to Hannibal with a low curse and stroke himself a few times, just to ease the aching tension. Then he went back to work, driving Hannibal completely out of his mind, sliding his finger out to lick extravagantly at Hannibal's puckered, gradually relaxing hole, then thrusting back inside with two fingers -- fuck.

You feel so good. He kissed and sucked at the hole, fucked it harder with three fingers as Hannibal's breath caught when he pressed to his prostate. *I want you so much.* The words accumulated in his mind and heart, but he held them back, thinking verbal honesty was the last gift he had not given and he wasn't ready to be that vulnerable. He wasn't brave enough to admit this out loud even though it was so obvious in his actions, still, he couldn't bring himself to say it outside of approving moans and grunts.

Hannibal was wet, open and begging for him, softly saying his name, tugging at Will's curls. Will pulled himself up so that they could look into each others' eyes, mirroring shocked euphoria, and then he slicked himself up and pressed slowly into Hannibal.

Inside, Hannibal was tight, sleek, beautiful heat, and Will shuddered out a desperate sigh as he sank in deeper and deeper, unable to resist more of the incomparable bliss of finally feeling this. Hannibal closed his eyes and moaned, meeting Will's thrusts with targeted upwards pivots of his hips, taking what he wanted so beautifully. *What a good boy for me,* Will thought with wretchedly sweet fondness; Hannibal was so purely lovable like this, he couldn't help fucking him better than he thought he'd ever fucked anyone, and it meant so much more. Sex never felt like this, immersing him in roughly tender emotion, stripping him raw. The idea shot through him with the instant sharpness of truth, they were making love.

Will grabbed Hannibal's hands and flung them hard against the mattress, fucked him hard and deep against the smooth teal blanket covering his silky sheets in this huge, perfect bed. He took away all of Hannibal's fancy manners and pulled him apart, left him in pieces, ravenous and moaning, hands going pliant in Will's grip. Will kissed him fervently, then

released his hands to flip him over, pressing him flat to the bed and entering him again with a new surrender of his own. The words had built now to their breaking point; he couldn't hold it in anymore.

"Fuck, oh, God, Hannibal," Will gasped, squeezing his ass cheek and driving into him with longer, slower thrusts, muttering hotly, "You're perfect. You're beautiful."

Hannibal burst into tears, looking beside himself that Will had finally spoken to him like this, despite all the problems of their past. "Oh, Will. Please-- more, harder. What you do to me…"

"Yes, baby," Will soothed, grabbing his hips and thrusting so deep that they both let out long cries. He knew he was hitting the spot exactly the way Hannibal needed and liked it best, so he didn't let up, chasing his pleasure and enhancing Hannibal's at the same time, *Perfect. Heaven. It wasn't supposed to be like this--*

"Baby," he rasped again, and then he was coming into Hannibal as his hips spasmed rough against his ass, his seed spilling hot and plentiful deep inside the man he considered his enemy, but he needed to mark and claim him like this; no one else could touch Hannibal and get to him like this; "You're mine, Hannibal."

Hannibal wept with shocked rapture and gratitude as Will rode out the rest of his pleasure, and when Will pulled himself out with a low pang of sadness in his throat, Hannibal reached for him again.

"Come here, my angel," Hannibal beckoned, breathless. He pulled Will against his chest for a tight hug and they flug their legs around each other in a sweaty, sticky, sweet tangle. Their skin was hot and they smelled of very naughty sex and each other, to the extent Will allowed himself to be called an angel, let himself seek comfort in Hannibal's welcoming arms, let a few tears of his own drip down his face in amazed confusion.

"That was supposed to be hate sex," he complained weakly as Hannibal cupped his face and kissed every tear-streak on his cheeks.

"Was it, my dear?" Hannibal asked in his throaty, thick accent, his eyes soft yet somehow all-knowing. "You're exceptionally good at the sex bit, but I think the hate needs some work."

"I'm trying," Will sighed, "I can't seem to make myself hate you, and it's killing me."

"Selfishly, I'm incredibly pleased to hear you say that," Hannibal answered. He was still hard, pressed right against Will's thigh, and the feeling stirred sensations that should be lying dormant for quite a while after what they'd just done.

"But don't worry, my love, I don't think what you have is a fatal case." With an affectionate smirk, his eyes still red from crying while Will was inside him, he began gently thrusting his erection against Will's thigh. There was enough lubrication between the sweat and precum that the glide was easy, and they both moaned.

“Fuck me,” Will pleaded with wide-eyed, savage need. It didn’t matter anymore how it was supposed to be; this is how it was. They were in love, they couldn’t keep their hands off each other, and he couldn’t get enough.

With the most pointedly mischievous smile Will had ever seen on his debonair yet wicked face, Hannibal purred, “Yes, sir.”

It flew by in a kaleidoscopic free-fall of ecstatic greed, Hannibal’s big cock spearing him open, making him whole, making him want this never to end, Hannibal on top of him, whispering to him in what sounded like Lithuanian poetry, and somehow Will knew it meant not to worry, *give in, let me love you.* Will flipped their positions with a wild excess of angry delight and rode him, sinking down over his rigid girth and pumping himself up and down, tweaking Hannibal’s nipples, raking fingers through his chest hair, watching the way Hannibal threw his head back and shivered deeply as he came on a wrecked moan, his cum spurting up into Will and dripping from him when Will eased himself off. Hannibal rolled Will onto his back, panting, and licked messily at Will’s cock until moments later, Will burst with a feral cry, “Jesus, stop, it’s too much-- Oh, God, Hannibal.” He let Hannibal rock him in his arms until they started kissing and grinding again, too much, never enough.

“We have to stop,” he said in a mingled laugh and gasp, “There’s no way either of us can go another round.”

“I can’t stop,” Hannibal answered dizzily, kissing him hard and fast again and again, biting his neck where he had already left Will’s skin stinging and sensitive to new pain.

“I can’t either,” Will admitted, and they went on pushing each other’s bodies over the brink until every single nerve ending was exhausted, every possible twinge of reawakening arousal, however weak, was pulled to life and satisfied.

***

“Ohhh,” Will groaned when he pried his eyes open the next morning, a feat only achieved with great effort.

He was basically plastered to Hannibal’s body, their chests flush, arms and legs wrapped around each other. They’d left bite marks all over their skin, Hannibal especially savage with Will’s neck, while he had been equally thorough in marking the killer’s adorable low belly. Will’s whole body ached, especially his skin, scored in bruises. He felt as if he’d been through the sweetest war imaginable, finding with disbelief he had survived and they were still here, damp sheets coiled around their limbs.

Hannibal’s lashes fluttered and his pretty eyes opened with slight surprise, as if he had not expected Will to still be there. He grinned, showing off his fangs, and hugged Will even closer.

“Good morning, Will.”

“Jesus, when did we fall asleep?” Will grumbled, not bothering to fend off the sweet kisses which Hannibal laid on his brow. Their bodies were still flushed and moist, Will’s limbs still

buzzing with afterglow.

“Hmm, I must confess I have no recollection of surrendering to slumber, but I believe it must have been sometime during what you so charmingly referred to as ‘round five,’” Hannibal mused with a yawn.

“I can’t believe we did that,” Will said with a breathy laugh, incredulous at the memories, but knowing they were as real as the cannibal in his arms, snuggling happily against him. “It feels like one of us should still be inside the other.”

“And so we are, Will. Can you feel it?” Hannibal ruffled Will’s curls with a smile. “We found each other’s limits and tore them asunder.”

“I don’t want you to see Alana anymore,” Will blurted, mortified by the sudden tightness in his throat. “Ever, as in, don’t even look at her. I don’t know what I’ll do.”

“Yes you do, my dear; you’ll kill us both. Rest assured I’m very pleased that my almost transparent attempt to make you jealous has been such a resounding success.”

Will scowled. “You don’t have to sound so happy about it, you know-it-all. Why didn’t you just apologize for ruining my life and tell me you were in love with me?”

“I’m clearly far from a know-it-all, Will. I’ve blundered where you are concerned so many times, it seems wretchedly obvious how much I love you. And obvious that now you may do what you choose with me. You have defeated me, mylimasis. If you needed a definitive victory, it is yours; I place my life in your hands.”

“Is Abigail alive?” Will asked, finally accessing the bravery to pose the question. He’d been so terrified of a ‘no’ that despite Hannibal’s hints, he refused to take the bait and find out the truth. “Is that what you were trying to tell me with that whole lecture about the broken teacup?”

Hannibal hovered over Will and caressed his face, stroked loving fingers through his hair. “Yes. She’s perfectly fine. I’m sorry for not being forthright with you about it sooner.”

Will bit his lip hard and nodded, tears fogging his vision. “I was afraid to believe it.” He clutched Hannibal’s hand, rubbed his face against it, kissed his knuckles. “Afraid to believe in you, in me, or in us.”

“Are you still afraid?” Hannibal asked, and Will nodded.

“I’ve been lying to you,” he confessed. “Part of me is sorry, part of me is still too mad at you to be sorry. All of me is in love with you, too.”

“My Will.” Hannibal nuzzled their noses together with a sigh, then softly kissed his lips. “Why did you have to confess your deception and your love all on one breath? You make it so frustratingly impossible to be upset with you.”

“You’re mad at me for making it hard to be mad at me,” Will concluded thoughtfully, his brow knitting.

“Yes, exactly,” Hannibal answered between several more languorous kisses, “How dare you?”

***

A long shower followed, with them washing one another and kissing gently, too wrung out to attempt any reprisal of the previous night’s wild passion. They dried each other off, staring into besotted eyes, marveling anew at the sight of naked bodies in the light of day.

“A simple sausage and egg scramble, I think,” Hannibal said in the kitchen, “For old time’s sake.”

With a coy smile, he assembled his ingredients on the counter and began chopping with his usual effortless skill while Will made coffee. They both had on bathrobes belonging to Hannibal, Will’s a dark blue and Hannibal’s a regal maroon. It was so domestic, Will felt he needed to pinch himself to believe this was real.

“That wasn’t Freddie Lounds I brought you last night,” Will said, tension painting his blue eyes in a baffled mix of regret and residual aggravation with his lover.

Hannibal paused only for a moment, slicing a green bell pepper. He cocked his head to one side and replied, “No, I thought not, ever since you confessed to lying to me a little while ago. Was it meat from Randall Tier?”

Will nodded. “I killed Randall. With my hands, just like I told you.”

“Does one truth make up for a subsequent deception?” Hannibal looked at him shrewdly, but Will decided it was a good sign he had gone back to cutting up vegetables, rather than lunging at him with the knife instead.

“I don’t know, Hannibal, does it? How many times have you lied to me?”

“Too many,” Hannibal admitted, abandoning his task and coming to Will, taking his hands. “Rest assured my apology does not require yours.”

“Good, because you’re not getting an apology from me. You should be saying you’re sorry to me every day for the rest of our lives for the shit you pulled. All instead of just, I don’t know, asking me out? What the hell, Hannibal?”

“I’m sorry,” Hannibal murmured, kissing him as they wrapped their arms around each other. “I’ll say I’m sorry every day, and 'I love you' at least a thousand times more often.”

“Bet you never cried during sex before, huh?” Will asked, the playful, inciting remark clashing with the tears in his own eyes.

“Certainly not, you naughty boy, and you know it very well.” Hannibal tugged on a handful of curls and gave him a seductively remonstrating look that caused Will to melt tighter against him and cuddle his face into the killer’s neck.

There were still many things for them to talk about. Will's confessions of his plot with Jack, a happier talk about how they could still be a family together with Abigail, start over again someplace far away, let Will's killer instincts run wild for the first time. Will felt all his worries slipping away as if they had never been more than flimsy ghosts composed of both their insecurities. They had all the time in the world to talk about everything they needed to share.

For now, he would share this. "I'll tell you a secret," he smiled against Hannibal's lips, enjoying the expectant gaze he received in return. "Neither have I."

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!